

contraband games if "square" houses were permitted to run openly. But what answer will the police make to open "square" houses and open "skin" games? This "Hines" house is just as open as any of the houses. No one with money to lose is barred, and if players do not come in sufficient numbers, the "house" sends out men to look them up and bring them in. If Inspector Ebersold has some men on his pay-roll who would like to go around there some night and lose their salaries, they need not be alarmed about getting in, and getting a game, too, after they reach the "lay-out."

YOUR UNCLE "CY" JAYNES.

The Patent Leather Game and Its Boss.
The name of "Cy" Jaynes has long been synonymous with gambling in Chicago. He has been in the profession so long that it would be strange if he did not take advantage of the present "wide open" times and have a game. "Cy" would not be left out, and before the "t.p." went out that the games could go on. "Cy" was all ready at the corner of State and Jackson streets waiting for the word.

The furnishings in this house are expensive and calculated to please the eyes of its patrons. Everything is done for the comfort of the visitors except to let them win. Faro and roulette are the chief attractions, and any one who can beat the game is welcome to the money.

"Tom" Nelson is one of the chief faro dealers. He has gambled up and down the Wabash, all through the Northwest, and has done a great deal of his "work" here. Time and experience have made him so handy with the cards that he is a valuable man for the house he is in. They can afford to pay him well, too, for the game is said to be about forty thousand dollars winner.

COL. MEAD, 113 MADISON.

He Stands Well with the Administration as a Father-in-Law.

At 113 Madison street, Mead's game is in full blast every day and night. This house is nicely located for work on the rural gentlemen, as they can be taken in one way, out another, and then, after turning about a few times, cannot locate the place where they lost their money. The Madison street entrance is up a narrow stairway and through a dingy sort of a hall into a rear room. Another entrance is by the way of Clark street. Whenever way the "sucker" is "steered in," the managers see that he takes the other road out. Faro, roulette, and stud poker are the principal games, and to the stranger they are presented in a very attractive manner. They all look fair and easy to beat, but somehow or other the stranger goes in with a "roll" and comes out with on-fare, which the house generously gives him.

"LARRY" KING, 170 CLARK.

A Good Place for Sure Losers.

At 170 Clark street, up-stairs, of course, "Larry" King presides over a lively set of games. Like the rest of the public gambling houses, there is provided a variety of ways for the visitor to lose his money. The man at the hazard table sings out: "Come on, sports! Gimme or beat! It must come high or low every throw! All ready, and up she comes! The high side wins. Come again!"

The stranger with his hands in his pockets looks on for awhile, and concluding that he has an even chance with the house, proceeds to try his hand at outguessing the hazard man with his box of dice. It runs along pretty even for awhile, but presently the stranger puts a good-sized bet on the low side, when the man who manipulates the dice yells:

"Three lovely little ones! A grand raffle! One hundred and eighty for one! Eighteen American dollars for a little while! What do you think of that?"

Then he proceeds to rake in all the chips from the high and low side.

The stranger remonstrates: "That's low, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes; but we only pay on the 'grand raffle' for three."

The stranger gets it through his head finally that whenever a set of three comes out of the box, his high or low money is gone. It's the percentage against the player who thought he had an even chance.

The visitor soon quits that game to listen to the song of the roulette man.

"Red or black here! Odd or even!" he cries, as the little ball spins around the wheel. Merrily the ball goes round, and eagerly the players put their chips on the red and the black, the high and the low, or the odd and the even. Presently the roulette man sings rith cheerily:

"Double O and the green! and at the same time he sweeps all the chips from the table. This is his little percentage, against which the visitors are constantly playing.

There is no more difficulty in entering this place than there is in getting into a church. All that is necessary is to pull the bell and when the door opens walk in. "Larry" is not only glad to see his friends, but he takes particular pains to welcome those he does not know. He likes, of course, to have his visitors play, and his hired men take great pains to explain the different games over which they preside, but men who do not play are welcome, for the shrewd manager feels they will go away, talk about his house, and possibly be the means of sending others there who wish to pit their luck against his games.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE "TRUST."

The Methodist Church Block Has a Rival in the Business.

John Condon, who is interested in a number of gambling houses in the city, has his main depot at 14 Quincy street. In this quiet place John strives to draw about him a lot of "high rollers." If he has not got enough actual players to make the game exciting, he stakes men to come to his house and make believe play for his big money. A stranger going in there always finds a big game going on, but he will not be able to tell whether all the players are genuine or not.

A shrewd fellow is John. He does not want his game to be. When men come there to play high, he wants them to see plenty of high play going on. He gives a liberal player a big time, and lingers him with confidence by having other big players at the table. Far from being the chief attraction, and one who has a large turn-over, he gets a lot of his money from the rapidity and ease of the game which the shrewd manager has set on foot.

Money looks "cheap" on Condon's tables, for it is put down in such a reckless spirit. Men who know the value of one hundred dollars here seem to lose all sight of what it really stands for, and under the excitement of the moment risk twice that amount on the turn of a card, and keep it up until their capital is exhausted. Men go in there with money not their own, lose it, and go away to suffer the consequences. The place was "pulled," for some reason or other, shortly after the houses opened, and "J. an" has been a trifle particular since who he lets in. He does not look for the "origide" in this house. He has other houses for that class of trade. Only good libbers, better betters are desired on Quincy street. It is not impossible, however, for a stranger to get in. If he can give the name of some one of the men who work there, that is about all that is necessary.

KIRK GUNN, 98 RANDOLPH.

A Game Where Workingmen Are Barred.

Everybody that knows much of gambling or gamblers knows Kirk Gunn. He is what is known as an "old-time sport" who bets them as "high as a cat's back" himself, and is glad to have others bet the same way at his tables. His place is at 98 Randolph street, up-stairs. He does not bar anybody, but he makes no special effort to get a "linner-pull" game. He wants men with plenty of money to bet, and if he is regular limit is not high enough to suit some brass player who may be playing other people's money he gives him a special limit. He knows that he has the best end of it, and the more money the players bet the greater will be his profits.

Faro, of course, is the fashionable thing at this house, but for those who do not like to tackle the "tiger" the usual side games are in operation.

Ring the bell and walk right in. No questions asked.

THE CRAP GAMES ARE WIDE OPEN

Anything to Get the Money of the Poor.

Every day and every night, a miscellaneous collection of whites and blacks gathers at 98 Fourth avenue to try and win Scott & Alexander's money, and every day and night they do not do it. Scott & Alexander—the big darky, owns the house where the games go on, and he won it from a lot of people who thought they could beat his games, and if they keep on trying to beat him, he will continue to build houses for their money, which should go to buy women bread and children better clothes.

The place has been christened "The Bucket of Blood," on account of the quantity of that fluid which has been spilled there. Poor colored men, poor whites, Chinamen, thugs, and thieves are the principal patrons. Any one with money may enter. Nickels, dimes, or dollars are acceptable.

There is some show of ceremony about letting a respectable-looking man in, but only one who has the appearance of a tough will attract no attention from the door-keeper.

A MODERATE GAME.

So-called Because a Man's Money Is Not Taken by Force.

At 34 State street C. O. Smith has a moderate game of faro for the benefit of those South-Siders who do not care to go further down town to "ouk the tiger." The game is right over Smith's saloon, which is called the "Sozial." The players at this house are for the most part young men who work for small salaries. Occasionally, however, a man with a "roll" is steered into the place, and Mr. Smith's workmen make it as pleasant for him as they can, without letting him win any of the proprietor's money.

WEST SIDE DIVES.

Low Depths of Iniquity Which Exist Under Cregler.

On the West Side there are five open gambling houses where faro, roulette, hazard and stud poker are played at all hours of the day and night. These are not contraband games, now here and to-morrow somewhere else; but they are all doing business in a systematic way and advertising the fact as broadly as a man doing a legitimate business would make his locality and the nature of his affairs known. All of these places, too, are in the most public and busiest part of the West Side—within a stone's-throw of the corner of West Madison and Halsted streets. At 151 West Madison street Dyer Smith's place is located. At 179 West Madison street One-Armed Schimmel presides. At 187 West Madison street Geo. G. Hankins has a place. It is not so large as his down-town establishment, but it makes for him a handsome little penny every day. At 75 Halsted street a game is run by Patsy King, and next door, at 77 Halsted street, Eddy has a game over his saloon.

Young men living on the West Side, who have determined not to gamble while down town, have changed their minds as they have reached the front of one of these places, and, just dropping in, resolved to lose not over \$5, have often left with the house their week's wages. All the halls to these places are well lighted and attractive, and the passer-by who may wish to speculate on the turn of a card or the throw of the dice has but to step right in, go up the carpeted stairway and ring the bell. The doorkeeper will give the stranger welcome, and experts will do their best to relieve him of his money.

BYRAN & JOHNSON.

They Run at 311 Clark Street, and Cregler Is Still Mayor.

When the "town" was not "wide open," Messrs. Bryan & Johnson gave a police some trouble with their little crap game at 311 Clark street. They had guards at the door and on the stairway, ready to intercept the stranger and give the player a tip of approval or a warning. Now, all is changed, and the street is full of difficulty in providing themselves with this public game, which used to be so easy.

If there is one game of chance more than another which delights the soul in the colored man, that game is craps. To the white man the game appears stupid, but for the superstitious soul of Africa it has a peculiar and decided charm. The game is played on a table, and the players, with their week's salary in their pockets, are anxious to double it. They are not a little with a frequent question: "What he want shall be in the end is some money, beggars, with the thought. He give a sight of the dice and at once begin to feel the joys of the game, and as the tumult and peculiar expressions of the players working their maseots and hoodoos get their hold on him, he feels that thrill which comes only to the crap player. Some one with the dice yells out:

"Dollar I comes!" and our little man, who now feels himself a "hot sport," jumps to the table, puts down a dollar and cries excitedly:

"I got yer faded."

Losing his dollar only increases his zeal, and forgetting all about home in his love for the game, he enters into the sport with the same vim that the other players show. "Gimme de bones," he cries. "Dollar I comes! Dollar I makes or pair! Who'll fade me?"

The pot made up he "shoots" the dice, using with each throw some affectionate exclamation, as if he would woo the goddess of luck to have the dice roll to his liking.

"Come, good dice!" he says coaxingly. "Come, lone seven!"

"Craps!" says the other man, as he rakes in the pot.

Our little man keeps "shooting" and "fading" other bets until his money is all gone. Then, dejected, he goes home to the nice little wife, to lie about his salary. "No pay this week," he will probably tell her, and, soured at his loss, he proceeds to give his wife a share of his misery instead of the money he was going to win. He may try to get back his losses on the next pay day, and leave another week's salary in his effort, and the longer he tries to get back what he has lost, the bigger the amount of his losses grows. Correspondingly his misery and the sufferings of his wife grow, and, probably, in the breaking up of a once happy home.

Then men who run these crap games on the "levee" live in luxury. The players win and lose, but the house keeps constantly "raking" off from the game, and finally gets a good share of the money played for.

Besides young workingmen of good intentions who are enticed into this game, there are a lot of hard customers hanging about there all the time, who get money in ways that are not regarded as proper by a well-regulated police department. Many of these young toughs have become what they are in a very short time through their fascination for craps. After losing their salaries and positions they have felt themselves forced to take the chances of going to jail just to satisfy their insatiable craving for craps. So long as the game continues just so long will there be a stream of young men going from happy homes and steady employment to join this army of rascals.

THE CHICAGO GAMBLING TRUST.

"Black Jack" Condon, Paddy Sute, "The Democratic Leader," and George V. Hankins.

An organization not duly incorporated under the State laws is the Chicago Gambling Trust, an association whose aim is the better protection of gamblers and gambling. The embryo of this trust first showed itself last winter. Later, the process of incubation went on, until just before the spring elections, when the fledgling began to peep. The election over, the thing was hatched and crowing lustily. This trust is in no sense a syndicate. It rises above that, inasmuch as it shapes the policy for syndicates, and, when desirable, wipes them out of existence.

At its head is this hideous monster is one John Condon, a citizen of Chicago long and unfavorably known to the police. Close to Condon in the management of the trust's affairs is George Hankins, also a well-known taxpayer. Associated with these are other well-known people who sell "chips" at so much per "black," but whose lesser lights do little else in the affairs of the trust than to vote yes to all propositions the managers desire such a vote upon, and furnish their portion of the money the trust requires for the transaction of its business.

The business of gambling is rather expensive. Lots of people have to be "seen," and every gambling-house keeper cannot attend to all these people individually, not only because of the time it would occupy, but more particularly because they all could not get an audience with the people it is necessary to see. Moreover, there is a great deal of detail work and management that every one is not fitted for. Hence the trust. The fittest men in the association do the most difficult work and the money which is used comes out of the common fund. When the treasury gets thin, the assessor goes around and collects enough to get it in good healthy condition again.

It is said by those who ought to know that the treasury of this concern has an awful big maw, and a difficult one to keep filled. Still the contributors make no complaint, as they can afford to pay well for the service the trust renders. It has no stock, but there is a mutual understanding among its members that imaginary certificates of membership exist, and these fancied titles are in organizations sanctioned by the State. People who are not in the trust cannot do business in the trust's exclusive territory without permission, and this permission comes a very high. A Denver gambler wished to pitch his tent in the rich fields of Chicago, but soon found all claims not taken were under control of the trust, and to that institution he offered a very large sum for a "privilege." He was something of a "high roller," and for fear he would get too much of the money he was told that there was no room for him. Under the manipulation of its shrewd

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managers, the trust has raised the profession of gambling from a contraband vice to a recognized industry, sanctioned as such by those servants of the people who are hired to encourage the good and destroy the bad.

CHECK-BOOK CHARLIE.

Not Having Any Influence at Washington, He Is Home for a Short Rest.

Fully Determined, However, to Put No Germans or Irish-Americans on Guard.

As He Has Made Up His Mind that Tom Keefe Can Get Him All the Votes He Needs.

The political calamity known as Check-Book Charlie, and familiar to the trade as Senator Charles B. Farwell, is home from Washington. He has had a long conference with his old friend Tom Keefe, and is fully persuaded that he is still alive.

He never did have much use for the German-Americans, and relied very strongly on the Irish.

Of late, however, he has shaken the Irish also, with the exception of Mr. Thomas Keefe, who still retains his confidence.

Mr. Martin J. Russell, one of the ablest political writers in America, thus sums up, in the *Times*, the results of the Senator's return:

"Senator Farwell has returned, and his stocking is empty of Federal spoils. From the Christmas tree nothing worth the while will be plucked for the 'boys.' He admits that the outlook is as gloomy as the weather, but lays the blame entirely upon the President, who, in the role of Santa Claus, is a dismal failure. These will be sorry holidays for Senator Farwell. He may drink portles deep himself; he may have under his own roof-tree the traditional Yule log; the mistletoe and the holly may decorate his own banquet-board, rich with the plum puddings and all the cheery Christmas, but the 'boys' are still shivering in the cold. They are comfortless, and they look upon Senator Farwell as the pseudo-statesman responsible for their misery. It is to no purpose that he shifts the blame on Harrison. They look to him. He has no business in their view to be at outs with the administration. He ought to be within striking distance of the spoils. Since he fails in this essential particular, of what value is he? He may cherish a hope that he will be returned to the Senate, but as he has failed in what is regarded by party workers as a requirement of statesmanship, what good is he?"

"There will be no green Christmas for Farwell or his adherents, but there may be a fat political church-yard in which his tombstone will be the most conspicuous. The gentles still hold, occupy, and possess the heritage of the faithful, and though Farwell may blame the situation on the President the boys blame it on Farwell, and only a year hence he is to come up for reelection.

"Let him approach his Christmas dinner with what appetite he may."

Why

Do reasonable people go outside the real city and buy in obscure suburbs at fancy prices when they can get lots only one block from the great fifty-fifth street boulevard, on Robey street, which is 100 feet wide, at \$400 each; on Seelye and Hoyne avenues, and south part of Fifty-fourth street, for \$350? Terms of payment, \$50 cash and \$50 every six months, or on monthly payments. Cottages built to order.

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